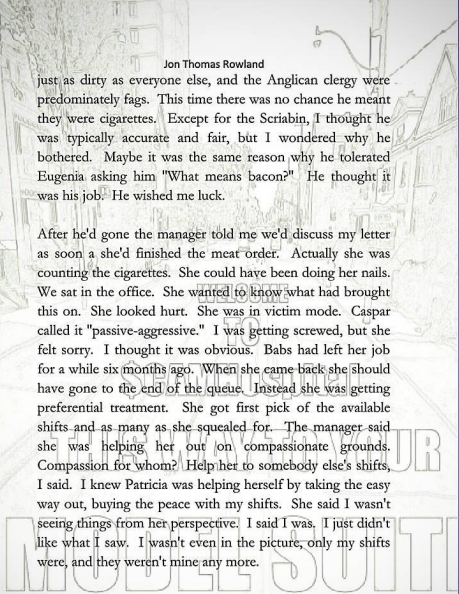




Jon Thomas Rowland

just as dirty as everyone else, and the Anglican clergy were predominately fags. This time there was no chance he meant they were cigarettes. Except for the Scriabin, I thought he was typically accurate and fair, but I wondered why he bothered. Maybe it was the same reason why he tolerated Eugenia asking him "What means bacon?" He thought it was his job. He wished me luck.

After he'd gone the manager told me we'd discuss my letter as soon as she'd finished the meat order. Actually she was counting the cigarettes. She could have been doing her nails. We sat in the office. She wanted to know what had brought this on. She looked hurt. She was in victim mode. Caspar called it "passive-aggressive." I was getting screwed, but she felt sorry. I thought it was obvious. Babs had left her job for a while six months ago. When she came back she should have gone to the end of the queue. Instead she was getting preferential treatment. She got first pick of the available shifts and as many as she squealed for. The manager said she was helping her out on compassionate grounds. Compassion for whom? Help her to somebody else's shifts, I said. I knew Patricia was helping herself by taking the easy way out, buying the peace with my shifts. She said I wasn't seeing things from her perspective. I said I was. I just didn't like what I saw. I wasn't even in the picture, only my shifts were, and they weren't mine any more.

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